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"I AM SORRY YOU PUNCTURED YOUR TIRE, DEAR, BUT IF YOU WEAR THOSE TOGS YOU MUST STOP CRYING AND ACT LIKE A MAN."

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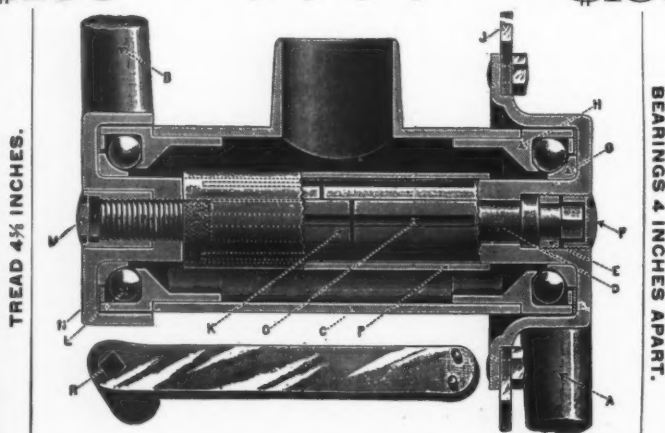
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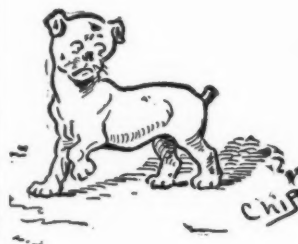


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THE CONSIDERATE WAVES.

OH, the waves at their play hear the story
Of the glad summer days that are here,
Of the youth and the maid, and the glory
Of the love that to them is so dear:

Hear Love's sighs, and the vows that forever
Love's faith unto faith shall be true,
And that naught while life lasts shall e'er sever
The bond Love has wound round the two.

And the maid who knows more than one season
Of the trysts and the trusts of the strand,
May again love without fear of treason
From the waves as they splash on the sand.

For the waves at their play tell no story
Of the troths that were plighted last year
And the vows that made most of Love's glory,
Which faded as autumn drew near.

Wood Levette Wilson.

MR. HOJACK: You say your wife is at Surflands-by-the-Sea. Are there any men there?

MR. TOMDIK: There must be. She writes that she will stay another fortnight.



NO HELP FOR IT.

SHE: When a man proposes to a girl, it doesn't always mean that he wants to marry her.

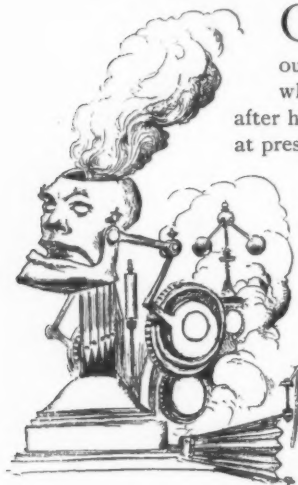
HE: No. It may be a matter of necessity.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. SEPTEMBER 3, 1896. No. 714.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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ONE may speculate without offense and very probably without any accession of knowledge as to whether Mr. Bryan will know more after his campaign is over than he does at present. There seemed to be a basis

for the surmise that when he made his Madison Square speech he had become conscious, or at least suspicious, of truths which had not attracted his notice when he addressed the convention at Chicago. If he read Mr. Bourke Cockran's speech, there was another means of enlightenment for him, and, indeed his visit to the East has abounded in opportunities for edification. The probability is that Mr. Bryan's reasoning powers are

defective and that there are many things that he will never know until he learns them by experience and many more that he will never know at all. It is probable, therefore, that he will never realize that the cross of gold that he dwelt upon at Chicago is nothing new, but is the same old cross that humanity has been wriggling on ever since men have had to work for a living.

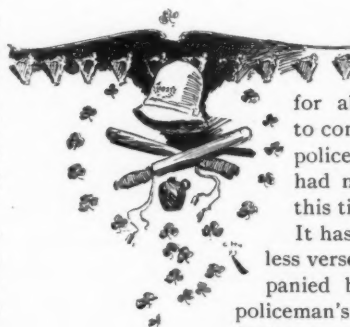
Everybody who is short of money squirms on the cross of gold. The great majority of people always have been insufficiently supplied with money. By scaring capital into its hole and ham-stringing public credit Mr. Bryan and the other silver men have added Procrustean torments to a cross that was irksome enough before. The idea that the silver cross will be any easier to endure than the gold one is vanity and vexation of spirit. There is nothing in it except mischief. Mr. Cockran set forth very clearly the other night how much worse than the gold cross the silver one would be for wage earners. It would be worse for all except two sets of men, the silver mine owners and the men who are hired or expectant promoters of the silver idea. There is a living in silver for them. There is no profit in it for other people who are honest.



TWO things are well understood in New York, the arts of improving time and of sustaining life, and particularly the latter. A reflecting person may fairly question whether the time of New Yorkers is really improved and may hold rather to the opinion that it is hashed up into too many small and rapid bites. But the art of sustaining and continuing such life as is possible in New York has undoubtedly reached a fine degree of perfection. The knowledge of what the human machine can

be made to do, what amount of laying by it requires and when and where, is remarkably accurate and extensive, and is very widely and effectively used. A New Yorker who is rich enough to buy good advice and make his necessary repairs in time, can scurry along at a surprising gait for a surprising length of time in a ramshackle body that is not first-rate at any point, but which doesn't quite give out anywhere until the time comes for it finally to go to sudden miscellaneous smash like the famous one-hoss shay.

New York's annual bill for repairs done on her citizens is a stupendous thing, millions big, but the repairs are worth the money, at least to the people who are fixed up. Summer travel at home and abroad, summer homes and places of sojourn—the cost of them all goes into that bill. The only sorrow is that thousands of New Yorkers who most need repairs don't get them. They wear out and stop running.



COMMISSIONER ROOSEVELT

has been advertising for able-bodied young men to come in and be made into policemen. No doubt he has had more good applicants by this time than he has places.

It has been set forth in deathless verse by Mr. Gilbert (accompanied by dance music) that a policeman's life is not a happy one.

If that is so in New York it must be the policeman's fault, for his job seems fairly garnished with adventure, and opportunities for heroism and exemplary conduct. Newly graduated college athletes are recommended to consider Mr. Roosevelt's offers. A term of service on the New York police force seems adapted to give a college-bred man an experience of the vicissitudes of practical life which might supplement very usefully his academic training. Besides, the pay of a policeman avails to support life and is not an inconvenient thing to tide beginners over a period of industrial prostration when likely openings are scarce.



A CROSS COUNTRY RIDER.

HOW many more people might have been famous if they had only known enough to die at the right time.

ECONOMY.

CLARISSA bought some buttons of a mas-
todonic mold ;
"They were a bargain," she explained,
when of her prize she told.
"I know that they will soon go out of style ;
but even then
I can make them do for pie-pans till their
vogue comes 'round again."

AT BAY.

"JUST look at that woman, in green, up
there on the piazza," said the smart
man from New York to the quiet man, trying
to strike up a conversation and acquaintance
at the same time.

"I see her," replied the quiet man. "What
about her ?"

"Oh, nothing much," said the smart man ;
"only I think she is looking the worst fright
I ever saw in my life."

"Sir!" said the other, losing some of his
quietness, "I'll have you understand that
the lady you are speaking of is my wife."

The smart man gasped. He seemed non-
plused. But only for a moment. He came
from New York.

"I was going to say," he went on, with un-
ruffled suavity, "if you had not interrupted
me, that the lady, in green, on the piazza is
looking the worst fright I ever saw in my
life—"

"How dare you, sir!" burst out the other,
losing all his quietness by this time.

"— Right square in the face. She is sitting

right opposite to her," continued the smart
man, without turning a hair.

"Then let me tell you, sir, that the lady
you now indicate, sitting opposite my wife,
is my sister," snapped the erstwhile pacific
personage, squirming in his seat.

The smart man looked over at the crowd
again, earnestly, and somewhat hopelessly.
But he was not beaten yet.

"I think," he said, slowly, "you must be
speaking of the very pretty girl with pink
roses in her hat. I can see she is your sister.
Dead image of you. I did not mean her. I
was looking at the more elderly party with
the dowdy get-up, a few paces from her."

The other man became agitated again.
When he found his voice, he said, in cutting
accents :

"The elderly party, sir, with the dowdy
get-up, happens to be my mother."

The smart man rose to his feet.

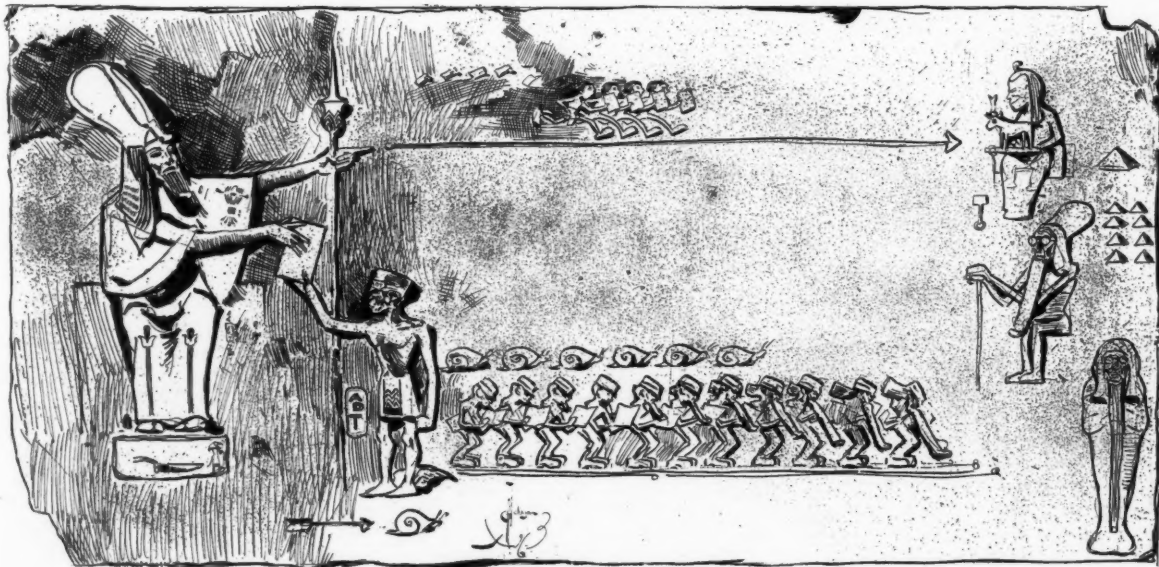
"See here!" he said, shortly, as he turned
to leave, "I was willing to meet you half
way, or even further; and I tried my level
best to do it. But you've got altogether too
many relatives around for the purposes of
ordinary conversation."

Ernest Graham Dewey.

MRS. SLIMSON: I have abso-
lutely forbidden Willie to go
near the water.

MRS. TWICKENHAM. What for?

"I want him to learn how to
swim."



THE MESSENGER BOY.

FROM LIFE'S RECENT DISCOVERIES OF EARLY EGYPTIAN JOKES.



BEFORE.

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

WE hope the friends of the children will not withdraw their aid because the season is nearing its end. It is now we most need your assistance. Owing to the hard times we have received less than usual this summer, but there are just as many children who are fading for a change of air. The more



AFTER.

you give us the more children we can help, and those who have been in the city through the summer need it now more than ever before.

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AN UNREPENTANT IDEALIST.

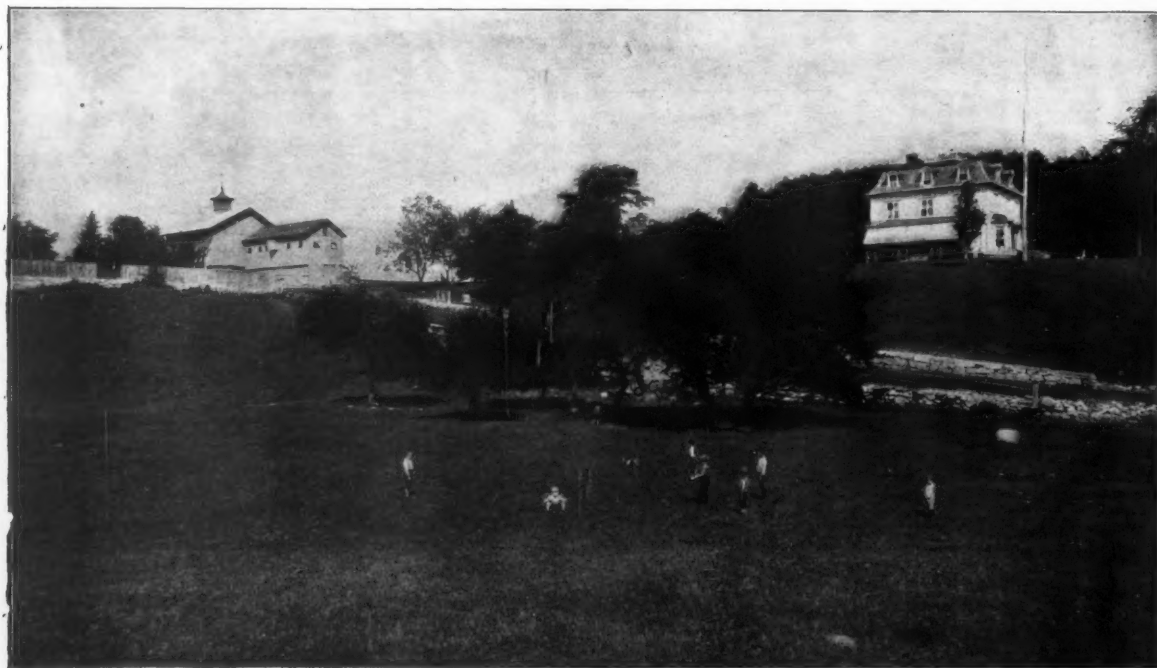
IT will always be a disputed point whether the love of words with a beautiful sound is the survival of a barbaric instinct or one of the fine developments of civilization. On the one side are those who reason that the finest poetry is produced in half-civilized times; on the other, there are men who can prove to you that the best poetry is the finest flower of culture. There is a compromise attitude that asserts that, while the best poetry is made in half-civilized eras, the keenest appreciation of it is in periods of broadest culture.

Whatever the present literary epoch may be in the perspective of civilization, there can be no doubt that it is impatient of beauty of style, which is associated with dilettantism, and with what is artificial.

The modern stylists who have made the greatest impression are men who have been careful to mingle force and ruggedness with beauty. That is why what is pure beauty of sound in Stevenson and Kipling has gained recognition.

* * *

IT, therefore, takes some courage of a literary kind for Richard Le Gallienne to keep writing "Prose Fancies," of which a second series has just been published (H. S. Stone & Co.). He is an unrepentant



A VIEW AT LIFE'S FARM.



A SEASIDE FANTASIA.

idealist in style and matter. He believes that a beautiful phrase or sentence is its own justification; and he spins his melodious prose with evident delight in its rhythm.

Sometimes he does not say much, and knows it; at other times he says a great deal and is probably equally conscious of it. An example of the first, in this volume, is "Brown Roses," devoted to the shearing of a poet's curly locks; an example of the second is "On Loving One's Enemies," which is a bit of sound, wordy philosophy, sententiously put.

The clever *Sun* reviewer has shown that very good fun can be made out of the "sausages" in the "Seventh Heaven Story" that opens the volume. Sausages and prose idyls heretofore have not been considered congenial comrades. But that is exactly where Mr. Le Gallienne shows his originality and the saving grace of common humanity. Instead of the sausage dragging down his style, he has elevated the æsthetic possibilities of the sausage.

He has put most of his philosophy in a very effective paragraph:

After all its talk, science has done little more than correct the misprints of religion. Essentially the old spiritualistic and poetic theories of life are seen, not merely weakly to satisfy the cravings of man's nature, but to be mostly in harmony with certain strange and moving facts in his constitution, which the materialists unscientifically ignore.

At a time when the ugly, the grewsome, the half-savage, and the wholly vicious are considered as the only proper subjects for exhibiting literary force and originality in fiction, it is refreshing to come across a book that is content

to devote itself to the frills of beauty in style and thought.

* * *

IN contrast with it is the translation of D'Annunzio's "Episcopo & Co." (H. S. Stone). This young author represents in Italy the literary methods of Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and acknowledges his debt to many others of the same school. As is to be expected the story is sordid, depressing, horrible, and calculated to make one doubt the sanity of his fellowman. It is a piece of excellent, often surprising, workmanship expended on hopeless material.

He represents the most advanced "literary movement," but with Populism to play with, we don't need it over here.

One set of freaks at a time!

Droch.

BEWARE of the woman who carefully thinks out her impulses beforehand.

FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

SAIDSO: Do you recognize that spirit photograph?

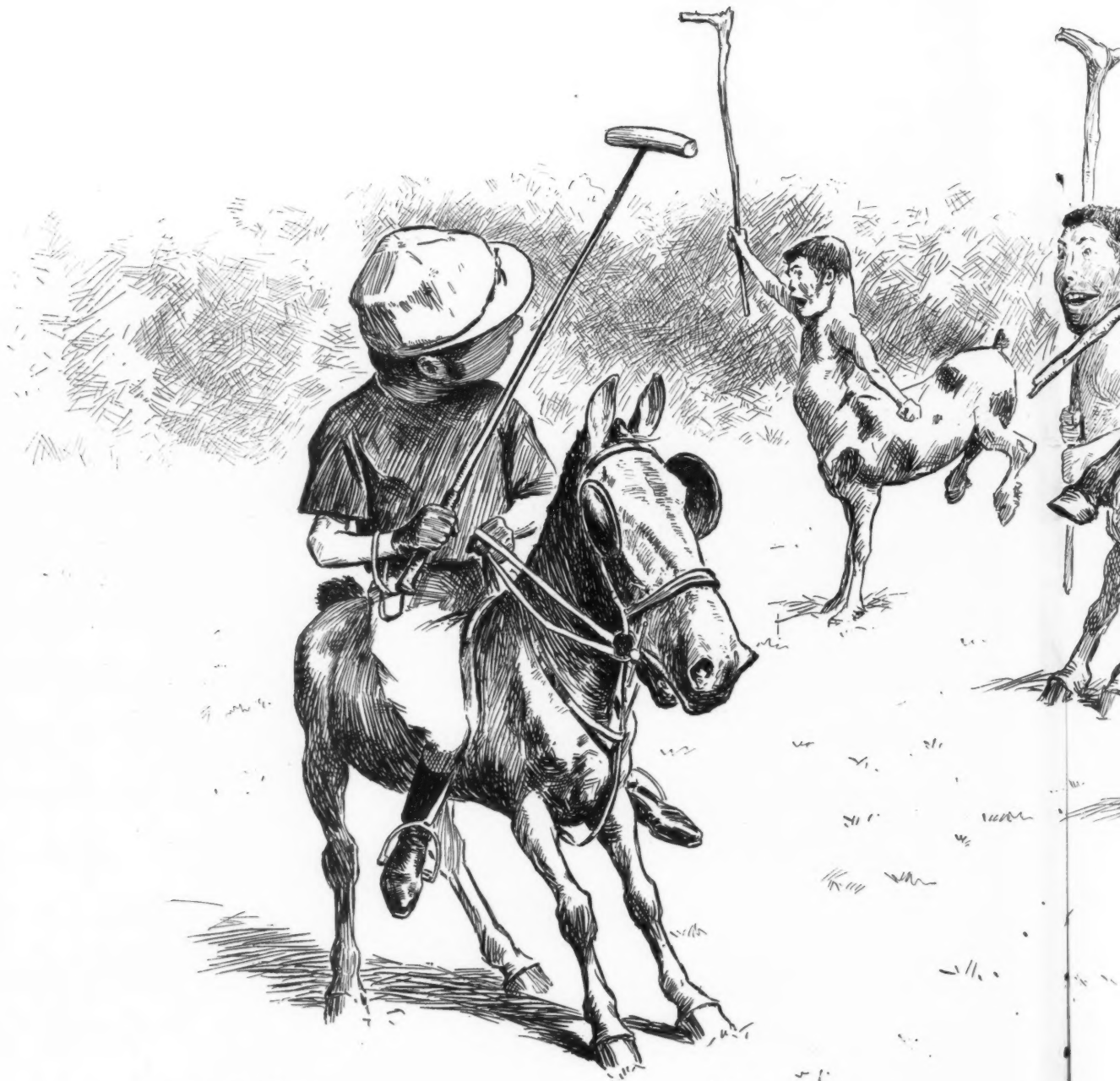
HERDSO: It looks familiar.

"That's Smithers, who moved to Brooklyn."



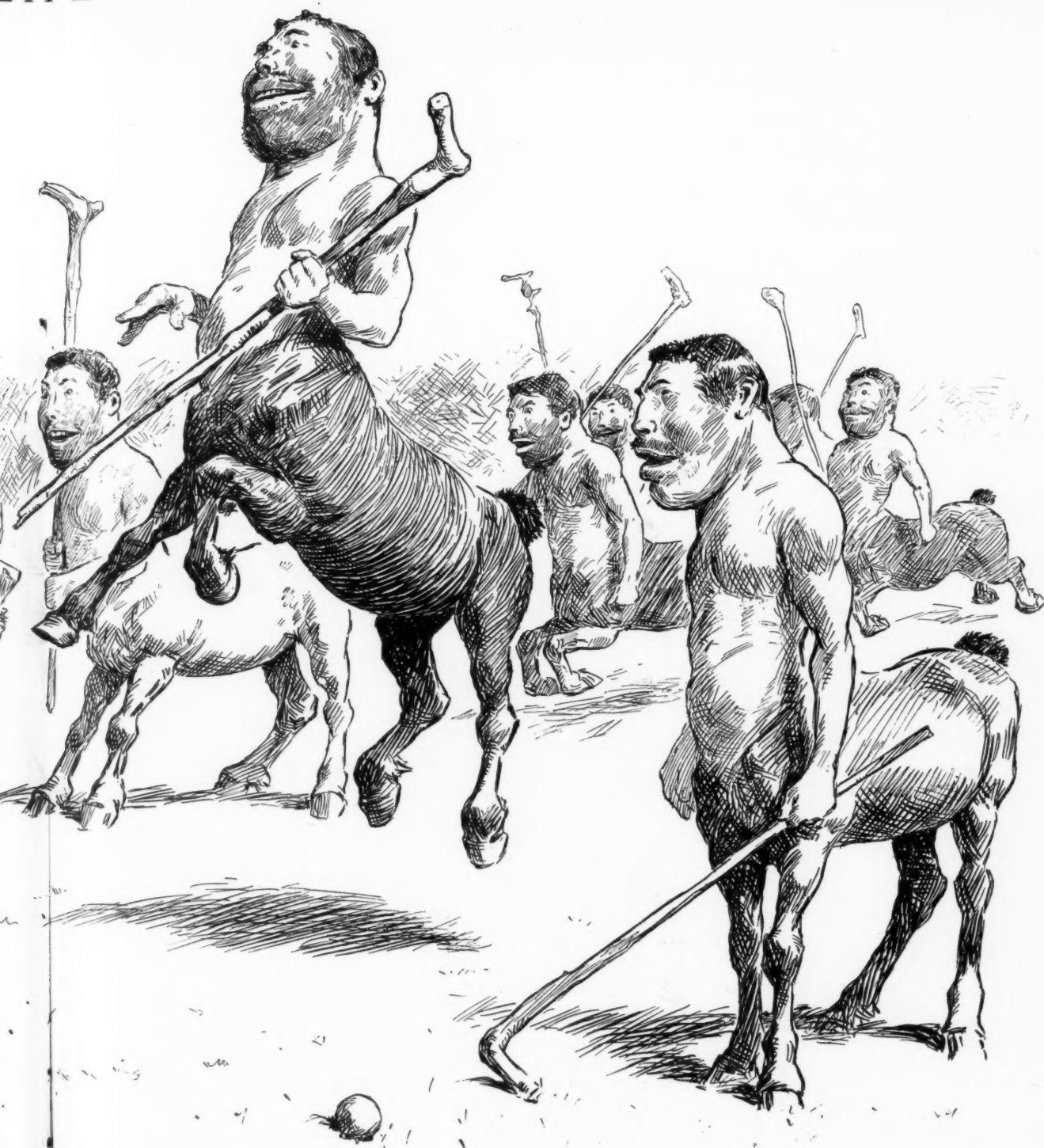
The Smaller of the Two: What! YOU LICK me? YOU WOULDN'T BE IN IT! IF I WUZ ON'Y TER STRIKE YER WUNST, YER'D HAVE TER WEAR A PLASTER ON YER STUMMICK AN' CHEW COUGH DROPS FUR DE REST OF YER LIFE!

IT is said that Li Hung Chang has not brought his \$50,000 coffin with him, as he concluded before leaving England, that it would not be worth while to cart it along. Our distinguished guest evidently does not contemplate riding on the trolley or taking a trip on the cable cars.



T.S. Sullivan

A CHALLENGE



AN INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATION.

"HOLD on there, Cabby!" shouted I, and I poked my stick through the little hatchway at the top of the hansom.

"Where the devil are you going?" said Sandy, as we pulled up to the curb and I threw back the apron.

"I'm going to lunch at Del's," said I.

"Lunch at Del's! Why it isn't an hour since we breakfasted," burst out Sandy, in a bewildered way.

"I know," rejoined I, "but I'm hungry again." This in a tone that Sandy has come to know means finality; for I couldn't stop to explain that I had caught a glimpse of Fanny Ashe, sitting in the window eating luncheon with that blackguard Seixas.

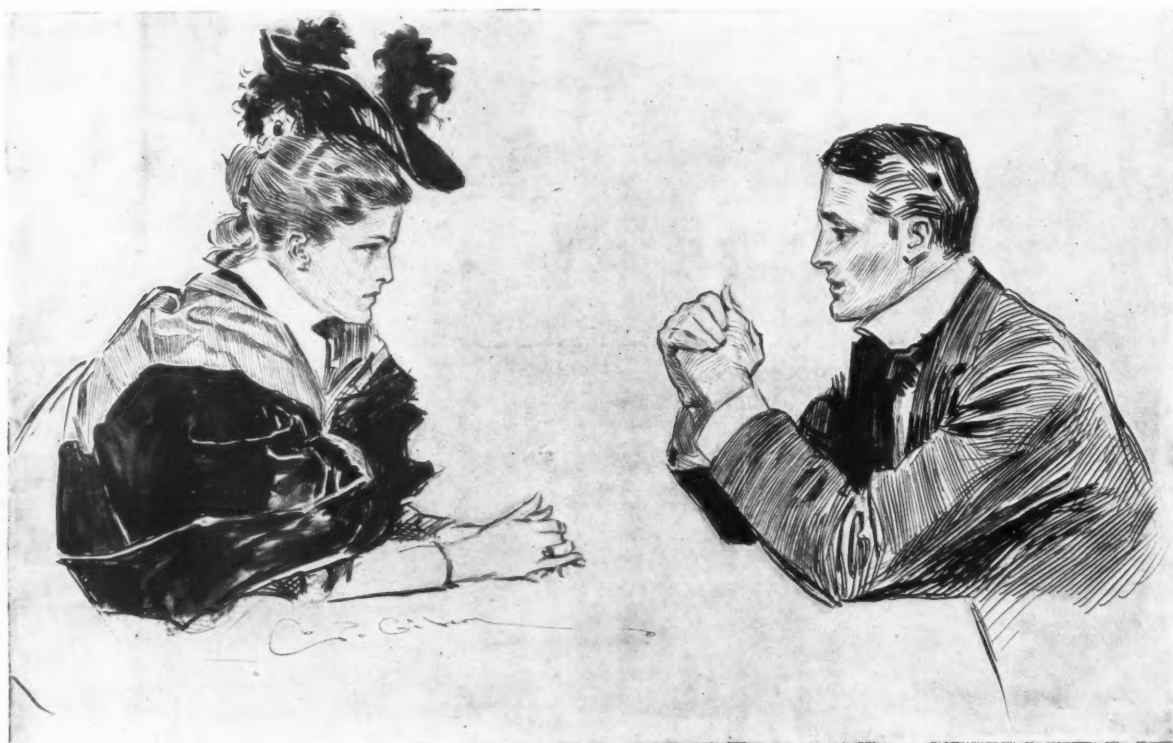
I turned back for a moment. "Yes, if you can get a decent price about Firefly, put me on 20—five each way," I said.

Sandy's red head disappeared, and a second later the hansom bowled on up the avenue.

"He guessed the window but not the person, luckily," I thought, as I handed the boy my hat and stick. They hadn't seen me as I passed on the street; nor did they now as I entered the big red room, so busily engaged were they with one another. I was almost standing over them before she looked up with a start.

"Jack Oliver! where on earth did you come from?"

There was a rush of crimson from cheek to temple, and a nervous laugh, that I pretended not to notice, as I took her



"SINCE THE DAY YOU BECAME ENGAGED TO BILLY."

"You are not going up to the track then?" said Sandy.

"No, I'll dine with you at the club, though, to-night at seven." And I stepped to the sidewalk.

"Oh, very well," replied Sandy resignedly, "if you won't come you won't. But I'm hanged if I see why. One moment you are all for the races and a jolly afternoon, and the next you are popping off to a lone lunch at Del's. I suppose Polly Ransom is sitting at the window," he added as a parting shot.

"That's where you suppose wrong," said I. "So long; I'll see you to-night."

"Do you want anything 'on?'" yelled Sandy, leaning far out.

little jeweled hand. It may have been imagination, but I thought it quivered tremulously as it lay in mine for a second.

"Oh, I just dropped in for a bite," I said carelessly. "How are you, Seixas?" and I nodded to her companion, who was watching me with his beady little eyes that twinkled maliciously as I drew up a chair and sat down. "May I sit here?" I went on airily, picking up a *carte du jour* and glancing through it.

"Is our permission necessary?" he said with an attempt at sarcasm.

"That of Mrs. Ashe is," I replied with a suavity that I didn't feel, for I was mentally cursing the impertinence of

his "our permission." She must have read my thought, for she flushed again furiously.

"Oh, Jack, you know we are delighted to have you," she said in a little flustered way, and I caught a glance that shot between them. Surely this was more serious than I had any idea of. I knew she and Billy had bad days and even weeks, but that they were anything more than the result of simultaneous attacks of his stupidity and her stubbornness, I had never imagined. But certainly Billy's fences were down, and it was the greatest satisfaction in the world for me to be sitting there between Fanny Ashe and the man who, of all others, she shouldn't have been with.

All this flashed through my head as the waiter took my order, and some suggestion of it must have passed into her mind, for her eyes drooped as I turned to her.

"How is it that you are not at Morris Park?" she said, in a very apparent attempt to make conversation.

"I had something to attend to in town—for Billy," I said, meaningly. She looked sharply at me for a second, and I met the look steadily. She understood and resented, for her face grew hard, and the smile left her lips.

"That's very considerate of such an inveterate turfman as you, Oliver," said Seixas. (He calls me O-le-vare; I should think any one who had been on the Spanish Legation for nine years would have learned to speak English.)

"Not at all," said I. "I consider myself very lucky in having run into this jolly little luncheon." He returned to his salad, and I smiled quizzically, sipping some champagne to keep my good humor down. And then the unexpected happened, as might have been expected from Fanny Ashe.

"Would you mind letting me have a few words alone with Mr. Oliver," she said, smiling sweetly at Seixas.

"With pleasure, my dear Mrs. Ashe." (Mizeus Ashz, he called her.) And he rose from the table and strolled from the room with a satisfied air that would have warned me of what was coming if her "*Mr. Oliver*" hadn't. I braced myself for the shock, and it came.

"What do you mean by forcing yourself on us in this way? Since when have you constituted yourself my guardian?" she said, in a low voice that vibrated with anger.

"Since the day you became engaged to Billy," I answered blandly.

"You thought any one who would commit such a folly needed looking after, did you?" she said bitterly, and then went on, her fingers tapping a tattoo accompaniment on the table's edge. "I don't know but what you were right; you haven't found your duties arduous, though, have you?"

"Not very."

"They will be still less so, in the future; in fact they will have no need for existence."

"I'm to be the judge of that."

"You shall be," she replied. "I think even you will admit that I've come under the sway of reason again; that wisdom is once more mine."

There was something in her voice that startled me.

"What is it?" I said.

"Billy and I have separated," she answered.

"Separated!" ejaculated I. "What do you mean? What are you talking about?"



WHEN IT IS SIXTEEN TO ONE.

"HERE, MY POOR MAN, ARE THREE DOLLARS, ALL I CAN SPARE JUST NOW."

"WELL, THAT WILL BUY ME A CUP OF COFFEE, AT LEAST."

"I mean that we came to the conclusion that our marriage was a mistake, and that Billy has gone away."

"Gone away; yes," I said, rather blankly, "but not to stay?"

"To stay," she said firmly.

"Well, then," replied I, after a moment, during which she stared across at the bold front of Admiral Farragut, "that simply doubles my responsibility. I've got you both to look after now."

She turned to me with the face of tragedy. "Jack Oliver," she said, "is there nothing on this earth that you will take seriously?"

"Everything, but you and Billy."

"Oh, I could—I could stick my hat pin into you."

"You had better save it for Senor Seixas," said I. "It would be really merciful; for when I tell Billy that you've been lunching here with that Dago, he'll do something to him that would make death from a pin stick seem tame."

"Billy doesn't care who I lunch with, he hasn't for some time; and if he did, it would make no difference now; it is too late," she said, dolefully.

"Well, it makes a difference to me," replied I, decisively.

"And I'm going to give this Spanish Hidalgo notice to quit. Where has Billy gone?" I went on.

"I don't know."

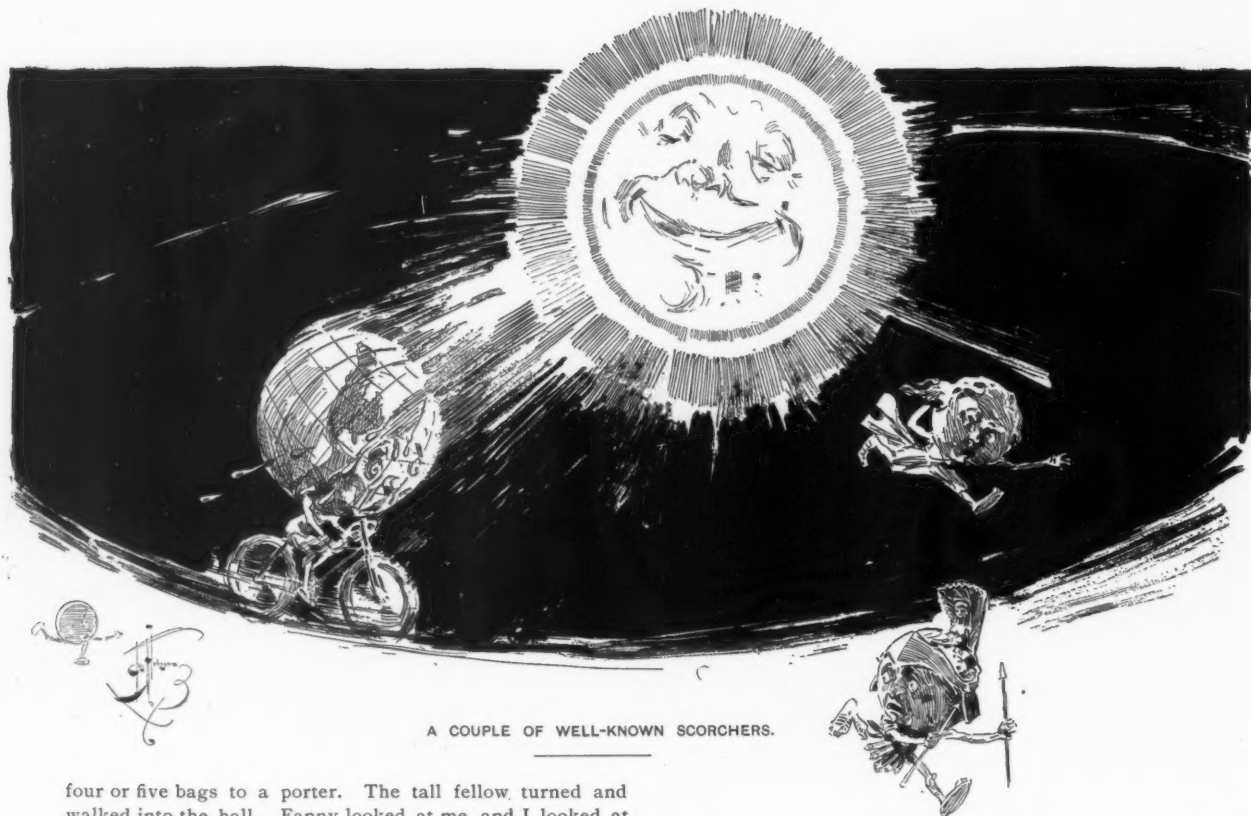
"When did he go?"

"He left the house this morning."

"Take any luggage?"

"Four or five bags. He said he would—" she broke off in the middle of the sentence; her eyes were riveted on a four-wheeler that had just driven up.

I followed the direction of her look and saw a tall fellow in blue serge talking to the driver, who was handing down



A COUPLE OF WELL-KNOWN SCORCHERS.

four or five bags to a porter. The tall fellow turned and walked into the hall. Fanny looked at me and I looked at her; and just then he stood in the doorway looking at us.

"Billy, you old fool," I said, as I squeezed his hand and pushed him into a seat. "Don't be a fool any longer; Fanny is tired of being one, too."

Then I went off to the cafe to tell Seixas that in view of our present strained relations with Spain he had better not presume too much on the good nature of a certain athletic young American named Billy Ashe.

Louis Evan Shipman.

INTERESTING FROM NEWPORT.

IN a recent issue of a prominent daily we saw that Mrs. William Astor and Mrs. and Miss Grinnell assisted Mr. Van Alen and his daughter to receive. The cotillon, which was led by Mr. Elisha Dyer, Jr., and Miss Van Alen, was danced after supper. The favors were attractive, including fancy walking sticks, fans, handsomely trimmed hats, riding whips, decorated with ribbons, and various knickknacks.

All good republicans, and even sound money democrats, will be glad to know that Mr. Van Alen and Mr. Elisha Dyer, Jr., are able to be up and dancing. We trust both digestions are good and that they are none the worse for the hot weather. As for Mrs. William Astor and Miss Van Alen it is needless to state that we are delighted whenever their names appear in print.

Mrs. and Miss Grinnell we came near forgetting, but they are no less important than the others and their names should be published just as often.

DASHAWAY: What is your idea of happiness?
TOPEPLY: Continually satisfying a thirst you are unable to quench.



Ruffian on Rock: BY ALL THE POWERS ABOVE, IT IS ME RIVAL A CARRYIN' A BOOKAY TO MERCEDITA. HE SHILL BE TOOK AN' HELD FOR A RANSOM. THE NIGHT OWL HATH SHROKED HIS SHRIEK, AN' THE RAVEN HATH RAVED HIS RAVE. FOR THOU AN' THEE ONLY, MERCEDITA, DO I DO THESE THINGS! *Tableau.*



She: DO YOU THINK WE WOULD BETTER BE ENGAGED ANY LONGER THAN SIX MONTHS, DEAR?
"WE'LL SEE, DARLING, JUST HOW MY MONEY HOLDS OUT."



VERY UP-TO-DATE.—“Many years ago,” said the jubilee orator, “it was said of us that we were the inhabitants of a one-horse town. To-day we stand with the stigma removed. As we look forth on our streets and see the merry bicycle and the dignified gasoline carriages speeding to and fro, we say with conscious pride that we are a one-horse town no longer. The last horse has been banished, and we are a modern up-to-date, no-horse town of the first class.”

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An appeal to the methods of chance in any disagreement or perplexity is a very foolish thing. If one is sure of a point he should stick to it no doubt; or if he is willing—as one should always be when no principle is involved—to give it up to another, it is far more graceful and satisfactory to give it up outright.

A story told by an orator who recently spoke on the currency question—it does not matter on which side—satirizes the arbitrament of chance, as invoked in that or any other dispute.

Two young men, it appears, were suitors for the hand of a young lady. One of them said to the other:

“Both of us wish to offer ourselves to this lady?”

“That is evident.”

“But we do not wish to fight a duel over her.”

“I think not.”

“Then I will tell you what we can do.”

“What?”

“Let us toss up for her!”

The other looked a moment at his rival, and then said:

“Very well; I will toss up a brick, and if it stays up in the air the young lady is yours. If it comes down she is mine!”—*Youth's Companion*.

RENAN in his *Feuilles Detachées* tells a story of a church service in Brittany where the priest delivered such a touching appeal that his hearers, with one exception, shed tears. But this one robust individual, who was leaning against a pillar, remained unmoved throughout the entire sermon.

The French are an emotional people, and the rest of the congregation could not imagine how this heart of stone had remained untouched.

“And you,” said one of them to the man, “you are not weeping!”

“Why no,” said he, “I don't belong to this parish!”

PHILANTHROPIST: You say you have not a thing in the house to eat, and no means of getting anything; but I notice you have three fine looking bicycles. Money enough ought to be raised upon them to keep you in food for a long time.

APPLICANT: How do you expect we can bear up under our privations unless we have our wheels to occupy our minds?—*Boston Transcript*.

THE Rev. Doctor—, a prominent clergyman, relates, with much gusto, the following story about himself. His present wife, by the way, is not the wife of his youth, nor yet of his early manhood, but the lady of his third choice, and, as a consequence, the doctor's set of olive branches spring from divers maternal ancestry.

“Such a condition of affairs,” said the doctor, “might at times become embarrassing except for the thorough amiability of all concerned. I confess, however, to a slightly disconcerted feeling when, shortly before my third marriage, I was approached by one of my daughters—a girl of nine, and one who called my

second wife mother—with the question: ‘Papa, will you let me go to see you married? I have never been at any of your weddings.’”—*Tit-Bits*.

MR. DOLAN'S DILEMMA.—“O'i'm all av a puzzle concernin' the next election,” remarked Mr. Dolan plaintively. “Are you confused on the financial question?” “It's worse nor that. O'i ginerally take soides in the preliminary debatin', but O'i'm on the fince this year. Wid wan o' the min named ‘McKinley’ an' the other named ‘Bryan,’ bedad, it's difficult to have hard feelin's towards ayther av thim.”—*Washington Star*.

“Some of the reports say that the women went wild over Bryan at different places along his route,” remarked the Horse Editor.

“That's natural,” replied the Snake Editor, “He is the bargain-counter candidate.”

“How so?”

“He wants to mark the dollar down to fifty-three cents.”—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

MOTHER (to her boy sliding down the banisters): Fritz, what are you doing there?

FRITZ: Making trousers for orphan boys.

—*Fliegende Blätter*.

At a recent wedding in an English town the officiating minister asked how the name of one of the witnesses was spelt, to which he received the reply, “McHugh.” The minister then inquired how it was that the witness spelt his name in that way when his sister spelt hers “McCue,” to which the witness responded: “Please sir, my sister and me didn't go to the same school.”—*New York Tribune*.

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In the biography of Dr. Hawtrey, a famous English schoolmaster, there is a description of his unkempt appearance, with a comment which has been greatly quoted. It is said that he was scolding, for being late at morning lesson, some boy, who replied that he had no time to dress. “But I can dress in time,” said the doctor. “Yes,” replied the boy, “but I wash.”—*Argonaut*.

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THE following is a good plan, says a Frenchman, to avoid tipping the waiter at a restaurant: “When the bill comes, pay it exactly. A certain involuntary expression of astonishment will be visible on the waiter's face, well-trained though it may be. You should then rise, saying to him: ‘I have made an excellent dinner; you manage the establishment much better than the preceding proprietor did.’ During his rapture at being mistaken for the owner of the restaurant, you escape.”—*Tit-Bits*.

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STRANGER: Is there a law in this town against selling liquor on Sunday?

OLD RESIDENT: Yes; but don't let that worry you, my friend; there's no law against buying it.

—Roxbury Gazette.

CLANCY had a dog. It was of that indefinite combination of breed which had adorned it with the head of a St. Bernard and the tail of a pug; nevertheless, Clancy held the canine in high regard for its fighting qualities.

"Shure, an' it's a foine baste, he is!" said Pat. "He don't be mooch to look at, but he can fight. Yis, sorr! He's a domn foine darg at a scrap."

Just then a fussy little black-and-tan, about a third the size of Pat's dog, came pertly along, and, jumping at the legs of the mongrel, sent him howling down the street.

"I thought you said your cur was a fighter?" asked a man on the sidewalk.

Pat thought for a moment, then in a confidential tone: "Dat's roight. He's great at a scrap, but he's a domn bad judge of dargs."—Boston Budget.

In a Southern city, a few years ago, a young lawyer undertook the defence of an old darky who had been arrested as a chicken-thief, and who in the days of slavery had been owned by the lawyer's father.

It was the young man's first plea, and was not brilliant in either construction or delivery. The darky received a pretty severe sentence, his guilt being well proved.

"Thank you, sah," said the prisoner, addressing the judge cheerfully, when the sentence had been pronounced; "dat's mighty hard, but it ain't anywhar near what I expected. I thought, sah, dat between my character and pore Mars' Frank's speech, dey'd hang me, sure!"

—Youth's Companion.

SOME reporters were waiting for news after midnight recently of the condition of Cornelius Vanderbilt. It is no fun to kick your heels against the pavement until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, and the reporters grew restless. "This reminds me," said one, reflectively, "of the death watch on the old commodore. Things were quite different then from what they are now. When the old commodore was just taken ill he used to send for us every day and have us up in his room and tell us all about himself. He used to read the papers and he noticed that a great deal of space was devoted to him.

"Well, boys," he said one morning, 'I hope I live a little longer for your sakes. You seem to be making a lot of space out of me.'

"Finally, though, when he became too ill to see us, we had to camp out as we are doing now, and it soon became tedious. We used to camp about twenty feet from the front of the house in which the old gentleman lay, and sometimes you could hear what was said in the sick-room.

"Among us was a certain gentleman who is now the respected father of a family. He was rather impatient. It was late at night. He had a voice in him like a bull.

"Oh, why don't he die?' he suddenly exclaimed, petulantly.

"We thought no more of his remark until a few minutes later, when a trim servant girl came out of the house. She looked us over and watched us for a few moments. Then Doc said something and she came over to him and handed him a note. He opened it, wondering what it could be. On the paper was a score or so of words written in the old commodore's well-known scrawl. They read:

"I trust you will pardon me, but as this is the first time I have ever died, I am a little inexperienced and don't exactly know how to go about it. If you will bear with me a little while, however, I will try to do my best."

"The old gentleman had heard the pious remark and it had been too much for his grim sense of humor."—New York Press.

"DID Mrs. Jones give up her bloomers to please her husband?"

"No; her pug dog wouldn't come near her when she had them on."—Chicago Record.

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THE train was nearing Detroit when at a way station a young man, dressed in the height of fashion and carrying a summer overcoat, stepped on board and went through the cars as if looking for some one. He stopped once or twice at a seat occupied by a farmer-looking man who attracted his attention. Finally he asked politely:

"Is this Mr. Sam Garland, of Beanville, Ohio?"

"Yes. 'Spose you read my name on my valise, hey?"

"No, uncle; I'm your nephew, Hal Garland, of Detroit."

"I guess not. I reckon I ain't lived fifty-five years not to hev my eye-teeth cut. An' I ain't got a nevvie that looks sech a dude as you air, not by a long shot."

The young man colored, but laughed good naturedly.

"I can find some one on the train who knows me," he said. And going into another car, soon returned with a youth who was of his own age and style.

"This is my friend, Mr. Sampson, uncle. Perhaps you remember his father, who came from Beanville?"

"Howdy, Mr. Confederate! I remember Jim Sampson fust rate, but he warn't no relation of yours. I'm right sorry, boys, that I can't cash that check of yours. I reckon the goods will have to stay in the freight house. You see, your old uncle has traveled afore."

The two young men went off laughing, and the nephew who had been taken so persistently for a confidence man had the satisfaction of seeing his uncle take the wrong car, and of saying to a friend:

"The next time mother sends me to meet some of her country relatives I'll take her along. I know the old man will bring up at the police station."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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